

RAVENS

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**Volume 1
Issue 12**

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Mum's the Word!

**little
shavers
plus
the
bang
gang**

**merry
x-marse!**

Stocking Fillers Inside!!

RAVERS

Volume 1
Issue 12

ISSN 1356-8132

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Rave On!

MARY LIKES.
THE COCK INN.
TILLET.
HERT...

DEAR RAVERS

HERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAD
ME RECOIL AND I WO...

READ...
...BY...
...ES...

...T F...

...AND I LOVE GETTING...
...TANNED IN THE SUN...
...MIND I WAS LYING IN THE GR...

...I'D RECENTLY SHAVED MY F...

...THE SUN WAS GENTLY WARMING...
...WHEN I WAS SUDDENLY AWARE THAT I...

...WAS NOT ALONE IN THE GARDEN.

You did what? With how many people and a banana?! Blimey! Don't just tell us about it, share it with the rest of our readers! We're dying to hear about your sexual adventures, and if you send in some photos to go with it, we'll pay you 25 quid for every snap we print! So get scribbling and start snapping, because these pages are yours to fill! Send your letters to: Rave On!, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. Or, if you've got a computer and a modem, send us some filthy e-mail! Our address is 100450.760 on CompuServe, or 100450.760@compuserve.com if you're on the Internet. Just put Rave On as the subject line and we'll take care of the rest!

spread wide and to my great delight, you used your long fingernails to open your fleshy outer lips then tease your swollen clitoris.

You were well juicy by now, so I began to ease my length in and out of your tight hole from behind. Your cunt was hot and spicy, it nearly drowned my 10 inch cock with it's welcome. Gradually, I increased the speed of my shafting cock and watched your arse cheeks ripple as my stomach slapped against them.

Moaning under your breath, you reached between your damp thighs and grasped my swelling balls as I fucked you with a steady rhythm whilst you squeezed and rubbed my loaded plums.

I withdrew my cock from its hideaway and lay on my back as you moaned, "Let me sit on it."

Staring deep into my glazed eyes, you squatted slowly down until my length disappeared up your cunt. Soon you reached a screaming climax.

Oh Delilah, you are the most fuckable lady that I know. Please be my own personal sex therapist, please reply to me, even if it's to



lewd images of us fucking, me sinking my black 10 inches into your welcoming white cunt.

I couldn't stop myself from repeatedly ogling your jet pink nipples. They showed through the virgin white wool of your jersey. In addition to the jersey, you were wearing skin tight leggings and a pair of ankle boots.

Your broad hips swayed from side to side as you walked, my gaze followed the rise and fall of your well upholstered buttocks, giving me an enormous



Dreaming Of Delilah

Dear Delilah,
I am a very devoted fan of yours. I am a black 19 year old student, recently split up with my girlfriend. I am still a virgin, but after reading about you in Ravers, I think I am in love with you. Would you please, please send me your photos as I want nude pictures of you in my room, as well as your autograph.

Anyway, right in the middle of my rudest wet dream, I was disturbed by you. My dirty little mind had conjured up all sorts of



hard-on. My sheets resembled nothing less than a circus big top, with my cock taking on the role of the central pole.

The look in your eyes was pure, unbridled lust, as if you were in real need of sexual relief, "Oh Robie," you sighed, "It's beautiful, can I touch it?"

For a while you sucked my cock, sending my brain a mind-blowing signal, and I returned the favour. You took off everything and I realised that you were not wearing any knickers, providing me with a glorious view of your cunt! You bent over,

tell me that you don't want to send me your photos. Please send me a dirty letter to satisfy your needs.

I'm off to work now, know what I mean?

Robie, London.

Herb's In Handshandy Heaven

Dear Editor,
I've finally got through the hundred or so pages of your pussies to honour each page once with a load of sperm, so have started reading your

CONTINUED
ON PAGE

8

We made it. A whole year's worth of Ravers in the bag. That's right, this is the last issue of Volume 1, and there's no sign of us stopping yet. We've been there and done it; Bang Gangers smeared in custard, baked beans and cornflakes, shaven Ravers baring their bald beavers. Tall End rumps a plenty, pregnant Ravers, Out and About girls, Up The Workers. It's been a busy year! So what better way to kick off this issue than the very cute Sharon toggled up in her kilt. And yes, she is from Glasgow, so she's allowed to wear a silly hat when she celebrates Hogmanay. I wonder if she wants me to First Foot her?!

IT'S OVER



RAVERS Sharon



Rave On!

DEAD RAVERS

HERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAS

MARTY LIKES THE COCK INN

TRILEY

MEET

Love

I AND I LOVE THE BOMB

TAINED IN THE BOMB

AND I WAS LIVING IN THE GARDEN

TO DECIDE I WAS SHARPENING MY

TO DECIDE I WAS SHARPENING MY

WHEN I WAS SHARPENING MY

WAS NOT ALONE IN THE GARDEN



perfect wife Shirley Anne must be. "A pussy called Wanda," is a sinstation, Sam is a riot, Melanie is a tease and Mandy loves to please. Annie is begging to be WAcEd and could have won the war single handed. Sara is deluxe. I adore each and every wife and those who spread on Delilah's pages are sexy as well. Melissa loves it, I can tell. Then comes Carol, who knows how easy she can drain men's balls over her, she is so erotically mesmeric. I cannot sing your praises

delightful rhetoric. I couldn't believe that you found what I had to say worthwhile, that you thought your readers might enjoy it. However, anything I can do to help bring back sex as the favourite sport of all people, I am most anxious to offer.

I'm not in the least bit disappointed that I found only 144 pussies in Volume 1, Number 9, as that is still a large enough number to increase my masturbation threefold. Having Ravers coming to me regularly is turning me into the anglophile I have always wanted to be. With so many beautiful English ladies to adore I can see I shall never find the time to visit the Tower of London or watch the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace as all the other Americans do. I'm afraid to say I would be scouring the countryside, looking for one of the voluptuous ladies who pose for Ravers, so that I could reward them with a little bit of expert cunnilingus.

I can't stay away from your gorgeous creatures in shiny boots and gloves. In Vol 1, No 9, for example, Jo is outstanding and delightfully appealing with her sexy pregnant bulge. What a



highly enough, you have so many well-endowed ladies coming to my bed every month so I can worship them in absenteism every night until I'm haggared and weak. Rave On, I love it! I hope you have my favourite divine nymphomaniac, Sherry back soon as she is the greatest.

Herbert, USA

Massage Memories

Dear Ravers,
I love using young girls for sex
and, as I write I am wanking over
your excellent 10th issue! But

I'm in something of a dilemma. Do I spunk over the pretty blonde gang-bangers who all look incredibly rude with their saucy smiles and white G-strings, or do I spunk over the five bald babes whose cunts look like they've seen plenty of cock? The answer, I suppose, is staring me right in the face, have two wanks and treat them all to a taste of my seed!

Recently, I celebrated a birthday of my own, the big 40, so I decided to treat myself to some relaxation and pampering at a mucky massage parlour. I took a day off work and drove to Bristol where I'm not known and there are numerous massage parlours. I had laid off sex for ten days and I hadn't wanked either. I had to keep telling my wife I had a headache!

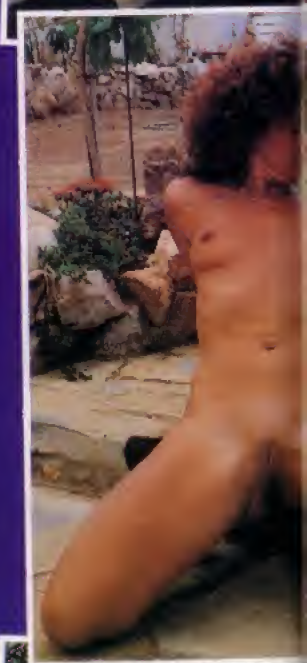
Anyway, after ringing many of the parlours to get the feel of the area, I decided to use a place called, "The Penthouse." My cock was already stirring.

As I arrived at the door I was just so excited I rang the bell and a stunning little miss of about 18 years answered. "Come in sir," she said. She was blonde and was wearing a tiny little dress that just covered her cheeky little bum as she wiggled along in her high heels. I was shown to a lounge and told to choose a girl from the three delectable tarts sat on a sofa watching telly. I told the little missy I wanted her and, seeing as it was my birthday, I thought I'd go the whole hog and choose two other tarts! I had three gorgeous giggling tarts to while away an hour or so with.

**CONTINUED
ON PAGE**

I ordered two

CONTINUED
ON PAGE
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Steph

Wow! What a difference a couple of months can make! Remember back in Volume 1 Number 10, when we printed a set of Steph in a rather fetching air force uniform? Well there's no way she'd fit into it now, that's for sure. Not with a belly the size of a Zeppelin. She looks absolutely fantabulous like this, and you can bet your wallet that we'll be printing more shots of her in the very near future!

Mum's The Word!





Photographed by Karl 'CSA' Wilson

RAVERS
Steph



OUT & ABOUT

Sandra
from West Midlands





Suzanne
from Torquay

Want to
see more wives?
Then turn to
page 72 right
now!



Go wild in the country! So what if it's a bit parky out, it'll certainly make your nips stick out! This is where we showcase some of our more adventurous wives. If your missus fancies standing in a field and showing off her beauty spots, then this is the place to send 'em! In the garden, the street, fields, shopping centres, the Houses of Parliament, National Parks, National Galleries; we'll print them all, and pay you 25 quid for each one published into the bargain. Now you can't say fairer than that, can you? Get your saucy snaps in an envelope and send them to: Out & About, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CMB 3SZ.



Melissa

Photographed by **One Eyed Jacks**





If it's bitchin' in the kitchen you want, then look no further than this month's horny fucklovely Melissa. She might look like a recipe for disaster when it comes to washing her laundry, but if you ask her nicely, she'll do your load by hand! The only weird thing about her is that her pubes look a bit like one of those breakfast cereals whose name we can't mention because they'll sue us. Well, would you want people to pick up your product in a shop and say, "Nah, I can't eat that - it looks like someone's fanny." Mind you, at least you'd get some ruffage after you'd eaten her out, I s'pose!







RAYERS Melissa



Of all the men in the business, one of the nicest you'll ever have the pleasure to meet – or see in action – is Christophe Clark. He's French (ex-Christophe Gossio), blond like Redford, speaks da English like Antoine De Caunes, fucks like a lion and had heated off-screen liaisons with Ciccolina and Deborah Wells. That's also what separates him from the rest of the fucking fraternity. The guy has taste

How long have you been boffing the world's tastiest porno birds?

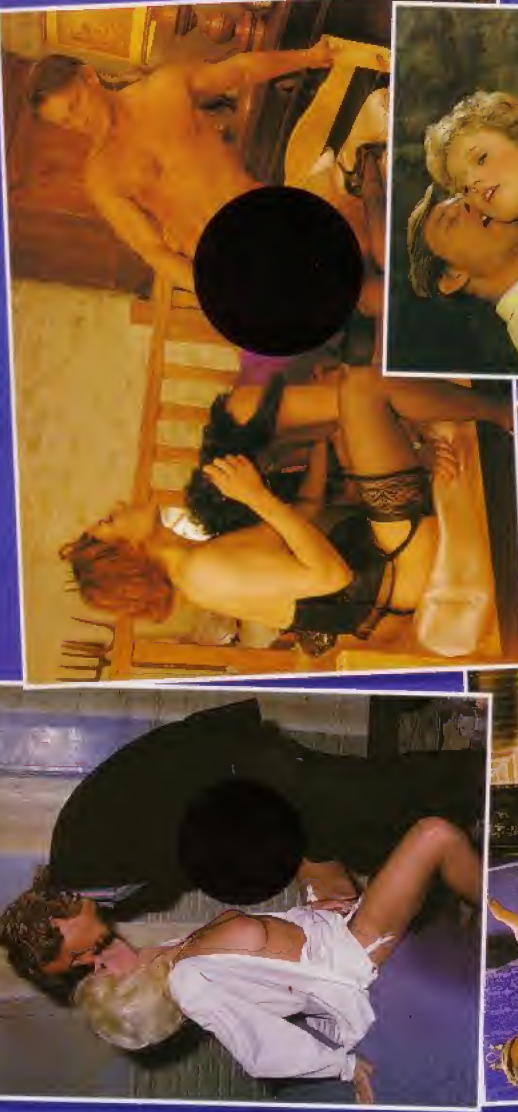
"16 years. It started the day I met Gabriel Portello (ex-porno stud turned producer) in Ibiza. He said: 'Hey, you're young and look good – I make porno movies. Give me a call if you're ever passing through Paris.' That's exactly what I did! He quickly had me posing for his porno books, **Super Sex**."

When you started did you have a girlfriend?

"I was a bachelor. And enjoying every minute of it. On and off the set I've never regretted this profession. Being with all these adorable girls – fucking them – and what is more, being paid to fuck 'em – well, you tell me, what could be more rewarding? I love it! Obviously to begin in this job is never easy. You have to work hard on getting an erection – and maintaining it – in circumstances that are never the same as in your private sex life. Luckily for me, all the guys got on together and they all helped me. When I have a problem with my hard-on, I simply don't fret about it – that's fatal as in 'real' life. I just call in a double to literally fill in for me for a while. Then I'm usually back in the sad die for the big finish! But look at me. I'm the only one working who was in there sucking and fucking in the '70s. I'm still standing!"

And fucking for France!

"These days I'm fucking for Hungary. Or for myself, for my own company over there. I've directed about 30 films for my own Hungarian label



So you fancy yourself as a hard-core stud? Reckon you could keep a hard-on for hours at a time and spunk off to order? French stud CHRISTOPHE CLARK can, and has been doing it for years. Now directing movies as well as doing his share of come shots, Christophe kept his pants on long enough to chat with our man in Paris, HENRI JOURD'HUI...

was winning all the awards. So, if a film required five guys, they always took Rocco – and four unknowns."

You were out of the running?

"And that hurt my pride. I didn't go very much for the idea of playing second fiddle – or fifth dick – to the flavour of the month. Or, as it turned out, flavour of the year! Also, I was living with Deborah Wells (aka Beata) at the time, and so smitten with her I followed her back to Hungary. That's where I started directing porno films – mainly with Angelica Bella. I still live in Budapest today. It makes an enormous change from Paris. Just as beautiful, but much less expensive. I still come back every so often to Paris when there is a good movie to make. Er, even a bad 'un, if necessary! We all have to pay the mortgage, right?"

And you're pals with Siffredi now?

"Sure. I knew we would be – it just got a bit heavy at the beginning. After all, you shouldn't forget the fact that he is much younger than me. And he is in such great shape! Looks like bloody Jean-Claude Van Damme, or somebody! That made me look after myself better. I went to the gym and soon lost eight kilos – and in three or four years I'll have completely altered my anatomy. Except for my cock! But that will only get stronger as well!"

Why?

"Because, unlike Rocco Siffredi, I reckon I've only got about another three years before, say, the next Clark or Siffredi hits the scene. In that time I want to do as much as possible, fuck as many teenage beauties as possible – and...fuck their mothers! And I'm being called up every day for movies as it is. (Laughs). But I want to do more. To work in the States – hopefully with Patrick Collins – and do more films in Italy like Rebecca with

Anita Rinaldi. It's a good love story. Lots of fucking, of course. But also more and more scenes that really need some serious acting."

Le cock sportif

I write them, produce them, direct them in one or two days and even act in them sometimes to save the situation... when some kid can't keep it up long enough for a scene." (Laughs).

How do you prepare to fuck a girl you've never met, never been introduced to before?

As in real life — politely! I'll introduce myself: without waving any hard-on in her face. I keep him down and out of sight! I smile, wink a bit, amuse her. Generally build up her confidence, put her at her ease. What I don't do is start talking about the fact that within five minutes I'm supposed to be licking out her honey pot and fucking her rigid! Then, after she (hopefully) comes and I ejaculate and she licks me clean and the scene is over, I make a big production out of thanking her. And why ever not? I couldn't have done it without her. Well, I could and, I suppose, she could, too. But it wouldn't have been so good!

What made you give up porno a few years ago?

It followed an incident that troubled me a lot... I was booked for a movie for Teresa Orlowski's company in Germany. My co-star was Charlene, that great looking black chick from Paris. Then, la merde hit the fan! The authorities discovered Charlene was under age and using fake papers. And the cops were after us!

Travis Lords II...

Yeah, a terrible kind of sequel...! We were all in really deep shit. Fortunately, some pals got me out of Germany and far away to Guadeloupe for several months. When it was safe for me to get back to work, I avoided Germany and shot many movies in Italy with Ciccolina and Moana Pozzi."

You quit a second time just as Rocco Siffredi arrived on the scene and started screwing for Italy...

"He was suddenly the New White Hope, the hot pistol in town. Not the fastest, of course, or he'd be out of a job! He was young, handsome, an excellent stud — no question about it. So, he

Surely the porno fans only want fucking, not any acting?

"I'm not sure if that's true. Anyway, the hell with it, I give them both, because one improves the other. Good acting helps set up the situation of a good fuck sequence. It adds credibility rather than simplistic realism of two bodies going at it. I enjoy acting different kinds of guys. I've been just about everything: cowboys, clowns, Aladdin, Mozart, Mephisto, Zorro... Citizen Shanel And even the horrible **Dr. Bandor** in Michel Riquad's French porno version of *Silence of the Lambs*! * (Bandor comes from the French word *bander* — meaning erection).

Acting or not, you're said to be mad about fucking...

"Not true... To be perfectly frank, I'm not mad about physical love. I still don't really know how I'm able to do this job and hold on to it for so long. I mean, I don't even have such a big dick... What keeps me going today is working for the kind of recognition that Rocco has — and in the straight media. I think we all deserve that. What we do is not only hard, it is hard to do. We merit praise and, if we want it, a chance to get some good roles in straight movies."

That's the actor talking again?

"Well, I have to think of my future. I have about four years left as a 'harder'. I'm feeling better, mentally and physically, about the job today at 37 than I did at 27. I can keep going longer, too. For instance, last month, I only had 48 hours off work. The rest of the time, every day, I was fucking on one set or another."

So why think of quitting at 40?

"Because that's when most of the guys find they start having difficulties in getting the old fella up, keeping it up or even ejaculating. So it could happen to me. Not that I see any sign of it yet. So I'm ready for my next films, hard-core versions of the Faust legend — no kidding! — of Citizen Kane and of Hamlet. To fuck or not to fuck, that is the question!"



BABEWATCH™

Carmen
from
Lancs

BABEWATCH

£125
winner
Carmen
from Lancs





The Bang Gang On Mars!



This month, and for one month only, Carmen from Lancs graces us with her trouser-tenting titties here at **BANGGANG**. What more can I say, other than if I had it my way, you'd be looking at a blank page and I'd be running to the train station right now in order to move to Lancs as fast as I possibly could. I mean, just look at the tits on this girl. Doesn't it make you want to weep? She could have been a Top Tits girl, no worries, and the Wonderful World of Arse would have been more than glad to grab a couple of handfuls of her butt cheeks. However, it was just that combination of super strokeworthy features that made her this month's one and only candidate for **BANGGANG**.

There's not really that much you can add to all of this, except that it makes you glad to be a man. Oh, and many thanks to Carmen for the piccies, we loved 'em.

Photographed by **Rod Johnson**





Look, women on Mars! Okay, so it's some dingy quarry in the Canaries, but it looked just like the sets in Total Recall to me. What a total: 10 breasts, five fannies, 10 lovely, ripe buttocks and porn star Sapphire all ready to relieve your heavy testicles of their load. Oh, too late – mine just relieved themselves. That's the worst part about these Bang Gang girls; if you get them all in the studio, it's your cock's worst nightmare. There might be wall-to-wall fanny and teat on display, but the bloody girls all gang up on you, grab your bollocks and laugh at you when you've got a boner! And that only makes it worse!



**The
Bang
Gang
On Mars!**



Rave On!

MARY LIVES:
THE COCK AND
TILET!
HEDGECOCK!

DEAR RAVERS

HERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAD
THE COCK AND TILET!

I AND LOVE...
TANNED IN THE SUN...
MIND) WAS LIVING IN THE...
TO DECORATE SHAVED MY...
THE MAN WAS COCK...
WHEN I WAS BLOWN IN THE...
WAS NOT BLOWN IN THE...



bottles of champagne, then we all got undressed, jumped into the jacuzzi and I laid back as the

girls stroked and teased me while we watched a hardcore porn film on the video. We all sipped cham-

pagne and occasionally one of the tarts would pipe up with a rude comment about the video, like, 'Go on, spunk on her tits you lovely big cocked stud!' I was having the best day of my life! Maggie, the lithe missy, told me to sit on the edge of the Jacuzzi, and then she sucked my cock as Sammy wanked it into her mouth and June fed me her lovely big tits! Each tart had a go at sucking my cock and, once it was hard, they took turns riding me. We didn't use condoms, am I a lucky bastard or what? Finally I injected little miss Maggie with ten

days worth of pent up sperm. She screamed as I filled up her little tummy with my cock honey. Kate and Sammy then knelt down and cleaned my cock before they moved over and sucked the spunk out of Maggie and had a spunk fight. I love massage parlours, spunking over pretty young girls and using them for my pleasure. It's great!

Edward Scissorcock.

Smoke and Stroke

Dear Ravers,
My boyfriend of three months brought home

CONTINUED
ON PAGE
39

Pick Up A Raver!



R8744



R8824



R8071



R7793

Fancy owning a few snaps of our Ravers? Then get your wad out, send us some money and we'll stick some pics in the post for you! Each photo pack contains 10 previously unpublished pictures - where possible - of the girl in question, just fill in the form and send it off to us with the correct payment and we'll send you a trouser-teasing pack of pix!

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The TOE JOB



Horny Helen's got a bit of a thing about kinky clobber, as you can see. She's a big buxom fucklovely, and no mistake, and I like the way she shaves all of her under-pubes off, too. If having a big, round arse and fat tits was a crime, she'd go down for years. Which sounds good to me! Now if I could only get her to help me find that contact lens under my desk...



Helen





RAVYERS Helen



Rave On!

DEAR RAVERS

HERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAS BEEN

MARY LIVES.
THE COCKY INN
TELETYPE
MERRY

I HAD A LOVE AFFAIR WITH

TAMMED IN THE STONE

MINDED I WAS LIVING IN THE CAR

TO RECENTLY SHOWN MY T

THE SKIN WAS RECENTLY SHOWN

WHICH I WAS RECENTLY SHOWN

WAS NOT ALONE IN THE CAR

your latest edition the other day. We always read his girlie mags in bed and I tell him to choose a girl to be wanked off over. He was especially excited by the four page spread of the girl with short, dark hair smoking a cigarette in all of her photos (er... I think you mean 'Smoke My Pole' in our sister mag *TwoBlue Vol 1/10 - Ed. Asst*)

Normally, he lasts quite a while, but when I wanked him over this girl, he shot his load after three or four pulls. he confessed to having a kink about girls smoking. I felt a bit sad as I gave up the habit when I was 18, five years ago, having smoked all through my teens.



Jamie, my boyfriend, is also a non-smoker and we both hate the smell, but he can't help his strong fascination for men who smoke. He told me he had made a video of clips of television plays and films featuring smoking girls. We watched it together - on it he had taped Tanya from *Corrie*, Sophie Lawrence from *Eastenders*, and various film stars such as Sharon Stone and Geena Davis - he was really excited and came very quickly when I gave him a hefty wank.

There and then, I



decided I would give him a surprise. The following night, I waited until he was fast asleep. Then I changed into a skimpy teddy and climbed astride his thighs. I put one of the cigarettes in my mouth and gently woke him by playing with his big cock. He took one look at the ciggy in my mouth and began to groan.

As soon as I lit up I began to toss him off. He spurted heavily, I've never seen such an amount of spunk. He was absolutely shaking with excitement as I stubbed out the cigarette and told him I would smoke it for



Wonderful World of arse!

Top Bott
Julia from Norfolk



What do you reckon to this month's top Wonderful World of Arse babe, then? We've ploughed through the piles of *Stark Ravers* as they arrived, and although Cella doesn't show her face, we reckon that her bum and legs alone are good enough to grace this page.

Those tights fit snugly to all her bumps and lumps, and the way she raises her skirt invitingly had half the blokes here bent double in pain! So come on, ladies, show us yer bum! We don't need to see your face, but we would like some pert, ripe buttocks to look at. Our only

problem is poopholes - we're not allowed to show them! But if you think your bott hits the spot, send us some pics! We'll pay 25 shits for every rear we print, so send your bott shots to: WWA, *Ravers*, Galaxy Publications Ltd, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3BZ.

him as soon as I had got his prick hard again. That didn't take too long, I can tell you, and I rode him and told him that I was going to puff on the cigarette whilst we were making love. I lit up and he just gasped and groaned as I bumped up and down on him. blowing smoke slowly from my mouth towards him, I told him to fill my juicy pussy with its favourite cream. I brought him to the most fantastic orgasm of his life and he made me orgasm heavily. I am now in complete control of Jamie! He begs me to smoke every time we get frisky, but I don't want to start smoking again, so I told him I will smoke one cigarette per fortnight as long as he behaves.

In fact, it's his 21st birthday in a fortnight and as a special treat I am going to smoke two cigarettes for him during sex. I have also bought him a video camera for his birthday and something tells me that he might want to film me posing sexily in my naughty lingerie while smoking for him. I can't wait for his birthday, so I can watch him totally lose con-

CONTINUED
ON PAGE
44

Girl About The House!



Forget Richard O'Sullivan and
crap 70s sitcoms, because
Melissa's the star of this show.
You've seen her in Ravers before,
getting her tits and Doris out in
interesting places, but this is what
her humble abode looks like when
the Ed's not hanging around her
bedroom with his pants shredded
and his peanut all floppy. The last
time we saw the Suffolk Raver,
she was visiting her local bar and
getting her wobbles out to the
delight of onlookers. This time, it
was a private audience for John,
the Ed (he was hiding under the
bed, flicking his tongue out and
licking Melissa's feet whenever
she walked past) and the postie,
who got a lot more than he bar-
gained for when he delivered a
parcel and Mel answered the
door in her skimples. I didn't envy
him doing the rest of his rounds
with a special delivery in his
pants...



RAVERS
Girl About The
House!



Rave On!

MARY LIVES.
THE COCK INN
TILLEY.
HEED!

DEAR RAVERS

HERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAS
BEEN ON MY MIND FOR A WHILE
AND I WOULD LOVE TO SHARE IT
WITH YOU. I WAS LONG IN THE
TOO TO DECIPHER SHAVED MY
THE SUN WAS HOTLY WARMED
WHICH I WAS SUCCESSFUL. MY
WAS NOT ALONE IN THE CARPIS

troil and flood my cunt with hot
sexy sperm while, smoking as
sexily as I can, I ride his big stiff
cock all night long. I might even
allow him to watch me smoke
three fags, now I think about it!

Fran, Lancs.

Fantasy Fuckfest

Dear Ravers,
Well, what can I say. My
boyfriend and I enjoy reading
your letters so much that we
decided that we should tell you all
about it. It? I hear you say! Yes,
the day my boyfriend Steve had
his fantasy come to life. You see,



It all happened like this. One
day, or was it night, after a hot
steamy session, Steve and I
started telling each other
about our fantasies. Steve's, it
turned out, was to see me
being shagged, good and prop-
er, by some strapping young
stud. Not the conventional
voyeurism, he actually wanted
to come home from work and
find us at it. He wanted to be
able to watch, but not be seen.
Well, I thought about it, and
the more I thought about it,
the hornier I found it, so I
decided to set it all up. It didn't
take me long to find the right
bloke, early 20s, with a firm

body and one who seemed
quite willing for a one off ses-
sion with a poor lonely
woman. I arranged for him to
meet me at Steve's. He didn't
know about Steve, and Steve
didn't know about him. We
met at 4.30pm - just in time
to get set up and started
before Steve got home.

I was very nervous. I got the
video camera set up in the
wardrobe, fixed myself up in a
black basque, suspenders,
lace up stockings, stilettoes
and my hair all loose and
shaggy. Steve loves it when I



Here's some
pics sent by Steve
and Fiona from
Staffs. Thanks
for sharing!



Ravers Guide To Summertime City

1995 will go down in
mammary as
being the year of the top bollock.
You could barely turn around dur-
ing the summer without blacken-
ing your eye on some likely flam-
per's jelly moulds. The top t-shirts
of the summer were tiny, skin
tight wisps of cloth, and bore leg-

ends like 'Cock Sucker', 'Up My
Jackie's' and 'I Fuck Complete
Strangers For Free'. Probably. And
then there were the mini skirts.
Ooooh. They were so short you
could've... way-hey! Anyway, if
you were like us this year, you
probably got run over three times
and 'rear ended' (blimey) several

motorists as you watched the
totty teeter down your local high
street.

1. Knockers!

The main thing we noticed this
year, along with all the bruises we
were gathering, is that girls' tits
are definitely getting bigger. Bra

manufacturers are forever releas-
ing new surveys which prove that
lasses knockers are getting bigger
as the years go by, so we sent
Gordy Rondelle out to snap some
totty for us to prove it.

2. Top Bollocks

The best sets of paps he found

nice hooters girls!





Georgette

The last time I had cause to closely inspect George's neat little fanny, it was balder than Chris, the designer who's been helping out round here. I thoroughly enjoyed her Little Shavers spot, and at the moment we're trying to get her back in time for our Clean Shaven Special. Of course, that's got absolutely nothing to do with the fact that I want a chance to inspect her again. No sir...









Want to see this picture in full? If you're on the Internet, you can by pointing your Web browser at <http://www.fiesta.org/ravers> now!

RAVERS Georgette

KER-POW!

Rave On!

MARY LINES,
THE COCKY PINK
TILLEY
HEEDS

DEAD PAVERS
HERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAS
ME RECKLESS

I AND I LOVE THE SOUND
TAKEN IN THE SHOWER
WHICH WAS LONG IN THE GARDEN
TO RECENTLY SHARED MY PIN
THE SUN WAS GORGEOUSLY BURNING
WHICH I WAS SURELYLY BURNING
WAS NOT ALONE IN THE GARDEN



a fuck! I thought that that was it, but then Shawn said that he was going for a shower and, yes, you've guessed it, whilst he was in the shower, Steve came into the room and we started shagging so hard that even a pair of rabbits would have been proud of us. We were both so horny and ready for action that it was unbelievable. I heard Shawn come out of the bathroom and go out of the front door. I've not seen him since, by the way! Steve and I have

body then, with a shudder and a roar, he pulled out and came all over my back, finishing himself off by hand, so as to get the last drop of come out. Then he was back inside my soaking pussy. He was still so hard, pushing and pulling his body to meet mine. Then he pulled out and turned me over. He finger fucked me using one at first, but then two and finally three... I could feel myself coming and as he went down on me he was just in time to get a face full of my cunt juices, his tongue licking and probing me until the last was licked up. What



shagged and fucked our way all through the night, the only break we had was to stop the video camera and put it into the player, then we carried on fucking whilst watching!

Is that the end? Well, no actually. Since then, Steve has come home several times to find me shagging some young stud. Once or twice he has even joined in, and there was even the time he brought home June, but that's another story altogether.

Fiona and Steve, Staffs.



Good pins!
Aim from Essex



Good pins!
Carol from Lines.



Leg Ends

Look at those leggy lovelies. Doesn't it make your old chap cry out in excitement to see such sexy pins? Every one of these gorgeous Ravers is a leg-and in her own home, and this is your chance to get your wife's pins on the page. So get your box brownie out, get the missus into her best tights or stockings and send your pin pics to: Leg-Ends, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witleham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

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Anne





There's been a lot of debate in the Rave On! section about girls with big saddlebags over the past few issues, and Anne here certainly knows all about them. When they were handing out labia, Anne obviously thought it was some kind of exotic drink and asked for a double! It certainly hasn't ruined her sex life, either, because the filthy little minx told us that most blokes go mental about her big beef curtains! "A lot of guys just like chewing and sucking them. And 'cos that gets them going, it makes me come!" she admitted to the Ed when she noticed the small lump appearing in his tight action slacks! So what do you think?

Do you like neat fannies or big, drooping love lips? Maybe your girlfriend or wife has a fanny to be proud of? Let us know, and if you can, send in some piccies of her and we'll start our own section devoted to labia lovers! Just write Lippy in the top left corner of the envelope and send 'em in to the usual address.



RAVERS Anne



Rave On!

MARY LIVES THE COCK MAN TELLET. HEDDIE

DEAR RAVERS

HERE'S SOMETHING THAT HAD ME SMOKING

AND I LOVE THE SMOKE

I AMED IN THE SMOKE

WHO WAS LYING IN THE CAR

TO SPECIFICALLY SMOKE MY TITS

THE SON WAS SMOOKY AND I WAS HOT

WHAT WAS SMOOKY AND I WAS HOT

WAS NOT ALONE IN THE CLOSER.



to visit a high class prostitute who specialised in fetishes. She was a stunning Sri-Lankan lady in her early 80s named Kali. Her fee was £500 for two hours, but boy was she worth it!

We spent the first half hour holding hands while she quizzed me about my personal preferences and fetishes. She looked beautiful in a gold sari, her shining hair tied back in a severe bun.

What really excited me was her beautiful voice, she spoke the Queen's English with just a slight hint of an Eastern accent. She didn't swear or use sexual slang words.

don't think you'll object if I smoke," she murmured. I thought I was going to faint when she slowly took a king-size cigarette from the pack and let it hang from her lovely, kissable, pouting lips. She began to roll my cock like pastry between her palms, the unlit cigarette still drooped from her mouth.

Then she let up, coolly blowing smoke into the air.

"I'm going to make you ejaculate now," she whispered, "how would you like to play with my breasts while I masturbate you?"

I groaned my affirmation and she removed her bra. I held those fantastic tits and she drew heavily on her cigarette, then began to wank me with a purpose, her urgent pumping taking me to heights I had never before experienced. With a sob, I ejaculated heavily, shooting globs of spunk all over my belly. Kali's relentless wanking continued long after my thrilling orgasm. With her expert handling, my cock was soon hard again and the pleasure was greater than

ever before as I watched her sensually smoke her cigarette. She took her final heavy pulls on a cigarette and then stubbed it out. Then she removed her panties and we had a '69' for about 20 minutes. Then Kali rolled a condom onto my aching throbbing cock, telling me we were going to enjoy, "full sexual intercourse."

She lay back and spread her legs. "Now then... put your penis in my vagina and push... mmm! That's it! Thrust... thrust!" she moaned.

She wrapped her legs around me as we moved in unison. "You're penetrating me so deeply," she exclaimed with a sigh. I was very excited as I shagged this Sri-Lankan beauty. When she reached for her cigarettes, it was a dream come true. At last, for the first time in my life, I was fucking a woman while she smoked! My fantasies were coming true at last! I think it was the fourth pull on her cigarette that caused me to totally lose control and I



"I think we should undress now," she said softly. Kali stripped to her gorgeous pale green silk bra and panties, then knelt beside me, stroking my stomach and then my thighs.

"Your penis is extremely erect," she whispered, "I think it is time it was masturbated." I gasped as she touched me for the first time. My Eastern beauty began to wank me off very slowly, stopping every six or seven pulls. It was ecstasy. "From our conversation, I

King-Size Fag Orgy

Dear Ravers, Your lovely photographs of young models smoking cigarettes drive me insane with lust! I hope you become a specialist magazine for a fetish that is more popular than is generally believed. You only have to look at the gentleman's fashion magazines which usually carry pictures of lovely models holding or smoking cigarettes.

Several years ago, thanks to a big win on the horses, I was able



Get Ravers On Your Box!!!

Fancy winning 100 groats? Think what you could do with the money! Three quick Hugh Grants with the street walker of your choice, 1000 B&H, five years' worth of Ravers! The list is endless. Almost. But how do you get your hands on our wad? Well, if you're an attractive blonde aged between 18 and 30, with big puppies and loose morals, send us a photo and we'll sort something out involving Mazola and a private game of Twister round the Ed's house. If you're a bloke, then watch it mate, we don't go in for any of that funny boy nonsense around here. Any more of that and we'll send Harry the Screwdriver round to sort out your plumbing. Getting your hands on our bulging wad of used notes is easy. All we want you to do is to get Ravers on the telly. It doesn't matter what the programme is, whether it's national telly or just TV local, all we want is to see someone somewhere hold up a copy of the mag's front cover for the camera to see. The catch is that we'll need proof, so you'll have to make sure you video tape whichever show it's on and send it in to us. We'll try to send all your tapes back, but can't promise that we won't tape The X-Files, Wheel of Fortune and crap like that over the top of them. Send your entries - if you can be arsed - to: Tapeworms, Ravers, Galaxy Publ. Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

And if anyone sends us a crappy Betamax tape, we'll send them a wad of Swedish hardcore. On cine film!

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Little
Shavers

Photographed by Martin Wright

India

Linda first appeared in Ravers Volume 1 Issue 1, so it made sense to get her into the last issue of the year. We thought about doing a Christmas set, but what with the Ravers Christmas Spesh being on the shelves, we thought we'd get her to hack her fanny hair off instead. We decided not to include any shots of her covered in shaving foam and get right down to the nitty gritty. What do you think? We reckon she looks good enough to eat...







RAVERS
Linda



Stark Ravers!!

Fancy yourself as a model, eh? Reckon you've got what it takes to keep our readers randy? Well now's your chance. Stark Ravers is yours to fill with all your favourite naughty pictures, and we're constantly on the lookout for more. So grab your camera and get snapping, vicar. We'll need at least five pictures of you and/or your missus baring all, and we'll pay you 25 quid per picture printed! Polaroids or photos are fine, but I'm afraid that we can't develop your films for you! (Who do you think we are? Boots the Chemist?!) Send your sexy snaps for: SR, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



Tanya
Norfolk





Becky
Worcestershire





Jenny
Denmark







Jane
Humberside



STARK RAVING BONKERS!!

Send us your starkers and we'll pay 25 snots for every shot we print! To give us the best choice of piccies, we'll need at least five photos or polaroids of your missus with her kit off. The more you send, the more we can print and the more you earn! And if you send a Rave On! letter with them, we'll stick your piccies in the letters' section and give everyone a thrill! Come on you lot, don't be shy! Get your cameras out and start snapping! Send your Stark Ravers, complete with this form to: SR, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Name Address

..... Wife/Girlfriends Name

No. of Pictures Measurements

DEAR DELILAH

Got a spunky secret to share with other readers? Then send a hot, sticky letter to me, Delilah, and tell me all about it. I'm 36 years old and a 36DD cup. I've been around and I'm unshockable. At least I think I am. Why not try me? I can't promise not to answer back though. Think of me as your own personal sex therapist and get those letters-and yourself-coming. Send your horny reads to: Dear Delilah, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM2 3SZ.



Dear Delilah

Summer is a waste of time as far as I'm concerned because it's too hot to wear leather. (Ooh, I dunno, Harry. My watch strap feels okay...) I can't wait for cold weather to start. That's when I get out all my leather gear and start wearing it around the house. (Saves on heating bills, I suppose.) I've got some unusual items including a leather helmet and flying goggles, a cape, a - leather corset, a Hell's Angels outfit, leather shorts, various designs of thongs and briefs and even some cowboy's chaps. (Mind the cowboy doesn't get jealous and give you a cowpoke in the eye!) I have an SS officer's leather trenchcoat and quite a few pairs of boots and gloves. (Do you wear them all at once, Harry, and can we see the photograph?) I spend many happy hours trying things on and trying to get the right combination. I often go along to a leather club, though I don't go in for the straps and spikes and bondage

gear. My image is way kinkier and more original than that. I love to rub oil over my cock then toss myself off wearing a leather glove.

My image of the ideal woman is a very tall girl, about six feet or so, dressed entirely in black leather, including spike heeled boots. I would like to undress her and find she was wearing a form-fitting kid leather bodysuit underneath. I would try to fight my way into it to feel her boobs and get my cock inside her horny quim, but I'd find that the garment had no opening and so I was forced to rub my cock against it until I came all over it. She would then tell me off and beat my bum and finally walk over me in her spike-heeled boots.

HARRY. MANCHESTER.

Well, Harry, what can I say, except that I volunteer to don my high, spiky boots and walk over you any time, and finish off by giving you a good leathering.

Dear Delilah

I am a girl of 19. All my friends have boyfriends and some have had sex with several men by now. I'm quite attractive - I'm half Jamaican, with a good figure, very big eyes and curly hair halfway down my back. Men always look at me and I'm always getting offers. Just last Friday I was in a wine bar with some friends and when I went up to the

bar to get another bottle, this man started chatting me up. He put his hand on my bottom and squeezed and told me how pretty and sexy I was. He was very good-looking and my friend who saw what was going on said I should have gone for it and got off with him. But I don't like that sort of approach. I'm quite shy and quite old-fashioned and I want to be taken out and courted properly, the way my dad was





I got out my cock. The feel of the cold, smooth leather against my prick was so exciting that instantly got hard and ended up having to wank before I could answer the call of nature. My ejaculation, when it came, was so intense and shot so far that I felt like a young lad all over again. The last time I had had such a good wank I'd been about 20!

A week or so later, I found myself wondering about what had happened that night, as I was lying in bed. I started playing with myself and nothing much was happening, so I got out of bed and out my gloves on, then got back in again. The effect was magical and I came within five minutes. Since then, I have tried rubber gloves - the kitchen variety - and found they

with my mum. They're still together, which is a bit of a miracle in our day and age, and I'd like to get married and have it last, too.

Do you think I'm stupid and old-fashioned, Delilah? People think I'm mad when they find out I'm still a virgin at 19. My best friend says "Use it or lose it," and she says if I don't have sex soon, I won't be able to when I'm older. Do you think this is true? The nearest I've got to having sex is at a party last February, when this boy got me in the cupboard under the stairs and dragged my dress up and got his hand in my knickers. He pressed himself against me and I know he came because my leg was all wet. I was scared people would talk and say I was a slag because they thought he'd screwed me in the cupboard, but I was lucky and nobody found out. Should I have gone with him, do you think?

KELLY, PECKHAM.

No, you shouldn't have shagged him. There's no point in having sex with someone you don't want to do it with, just for the sake of losing your cherry. In certain societies, virginity is highly prized. You value yours highly and it's worth hanging on till you meet a guy you think is

worthy of it. So I don't think you're stupid and I don't think you're old-fashioned. I think you're being sensible, and when you meet the right man, he'll be very lucky to have found you. As for "use it or lose it," that may apply to older men who are in danger of becoming impotent, but it certainly doesn't apply to a young girl. Vaginas are built to last, my dear, and if it's dried up a bit by the time you're eighty, there's always K-Y Jelly.

Dear Delilah

I am 62. I've always enjoyed wanking but a couple of years ago I found I wasn't getting the same amount of excitement from it that I used to get, often my cock refused to stay fully hard, and I couldn't come. I thought it was my age and that I'd have to resign myself to staying celibate for the rest of my life, but then one cold day I made a great discovery. I got out of the car in the countryside for a pee. Feeling cold, I kept my leather driving glove on as





for 'painting the town red.' I love 'em! I have a red basque, red peephole bra, red suspenders, and the wickedest pair of Gianni Versace red snakeskin stilettos.

Dear Delilah

I want to know what is the craziest place you've ever had a shag? I've managed to screw in some unusual places, such as on the stairs in the local church

always on the lookout for the chance of a public fuck and so far I've never been caught.

DENNIS, SCARBOROUGH

Hmm, what's the number of the Scarborough vice squad? Seriously, Dennis, there are few things as exciting as a spontaneous public screw. I love getting guys horny in public. I had one boyfriend years ago, before we could afford cars, who went everywhere by bus and just putting my hand on his thigh, coupled with the vibrations of the bus, used to get him stonking hard. Several times I managed to get him to come before the conductor did, by ducking down in the seat and giving him a blow-job and twice we actually shagged on the back seat. I love trying to have sex in the cinema. I say "trying" because those seats aren't really designed for it, are they? Public toilets are good bets, especially restaurant ones. On the beach is a good place, too, when you're

work much better when combined with cooking oil. (Do you oil the gloves or your cock?) I now have a desire to try some black latex gloves and I have a feeling that, on a well-lubricated cock, they'll feel the best of all.

RAYMOND, LEICESTER

It's the first letter I've had about masturbation in Marigolds. Do you prefer the pink, red or yellow ones? Try using talcum powder instead of oil, it also makes for a smooth wank and is much less messy. Does your cock work if you want to fuck a woman? You didn't say. If it doesn't, you should ask her to wear rubber gloves and rub your cock while putting it inside her. Or she could try using one of those female condoms. You might find screwing one of those a real turn-on.

Dear Delilah

In your picture, you look really horny. Is black your favourite colour in panties? I prefer white ones myself (Bet you look sweet in 'em!), because it's easier to see damp patches on them. I like to

be able to tell if I've given a girl a nice wet twat by kissing and groping her. (There are other ways, you know. How about a little erotic exploration with your fingers?) Pale blue and pale pink also show when a cunt is wet, but dark colours aren't so good. What colour do you generally wear?

NICK, SUNDERLAND

Right now, I'm wearing scarlet ones, Mick. They give away the secret of a dripping pussy beautifully, by showing a dark patch when they're wet. The colours I usually wear are red, black or white - I'm not into pastel shades or patterns. I wear black when I want to look seductive, like a sexy mistress, white when I want to look innocent and accidentally sexy, and red when I want to be totally uninhibited and shock people. Red ones are definitely

hall, with a girl who was queuing up waiting for her slimming club to start, in a department store lift and on a train. I also managed to slip my girlfriend a length whilst standing in the audience at a rock concert. I'm



nice and oily all over and can just slip it in.

Dear Delilah

I'm kinky about shagging while wearing furs, or lying on fur. However, with the tide of feeling currently against the fur trade, furs are hard to come by. Any ideas? I think my fetish started when I was a girl of nineteen. My mother was out and my boyfriend came round and caught me trying on her clothes. I answered the door wearing her sexy silk slip and her silver fox coat, which had fabulous long hair and was incredibly sexy. Of course, when I gave him a flash of my body in the tight-fitting-peach coloured slip, he grabbed me straight away and ground his crotch against me so that I could feel his mammoth hard-on. He threw me to the floor in the front hall and began to screw me. It was too hot in the coat so I took it off and we lay on it, fur side up. Oh, the sensation of that long, soft fur against my naked skin. It was better than a million vibrators. Every pore of my body got turned on by the caressing fur. We didn't have any protection, and so we indulged in coitus interruptus. When he pulled out, his come shot everywhere, including all over my mother's coat. I had to work

hard, rubbing it in so it wouldn't show, and I sniggered next time I saw her wear it, knowing it was impregnated with spunk.

SYLVIA, BOURNEMOUTH.

Have you tried the second-hand clothes shops, Sylvia, or are you worried about second-hand spunk? Some countries are much more liberal about fur than we are, notably Greece. A package holiday to Corfu will give the opportunity to browse the fur shops in the main town and buy the shag-rug of your dreams.

Dear Delilah

The photos of a pregnant woman published in a recent issue of Ravers really turned me on and brought back a memory of something that happened to me fifteen years ago. I bumped into an ex-student of mine (I'm a retired lecturer) who I had always fancied. She was then in her late thirties and rather pregnant. To cut a long story short, she said her marriage was unhappy and that she had always fancied me and wanted to have an affair with me. (I had been married then, but am divorced now.) Her hubby was out at work so she took me home and got into bed. I was fascinated by her smooth, tight, swollen belly, and by her



huge, blue-veined tits. She encouraged me to fuck her in the missionary position and I was surprised to find how wet she was, having assumed that the normal sexual mechanism would shut down during pregnancy. She got totally carried away, tossing

her head and crying out as I shagged her. Just as I was shooting inside her, I was suddenly hit by twin streams of white liquid ejaculating from her tits. It was the kinkiest, sexiest experience of my life. She was all apologetic at first, but she loved it, and actually made me get my head down and suckle the sweet milk from her breasts. I have never forgotten this experience and I often have a good wank, remembering it.

SID, DAWLISH.

Wow! It got me turned on just reading about your experience, Sid. I've never been pregnant so I have no experience of this, but I asked my sexy sister and she said that it happened to her after her son had been born, while she was still breast-feeding. She and her husband had a shag and she was surprised to feel intense sensations in her breasts and find milk projecting out of them. Sounds really sexy to me!





FOTOS



Oh dear. I really don't know what's wrong with women these days. What is it that makes so many girls take baths and showers with their pants on? There she was, smearing a can of squirty cream (at least that's what we think it was) all over her ripe tits and pussy, and then she goes and washes it off with her clothes on! You'd have thought that someone with a body that good would want to show it off properly, wouldn't you? I blame the government's educational policies myself...



RAVERS Sarah



Tail Ends Donna

Look at Donna's arse and tell me that you're not in love. It's round, cute, and it's never been anywhere near my knee, more's the pity. I'd happily pay her buttocks a large sum of money if only they'd come and park themselves on my lap and wiggle around for about half an hour or so. She's a bit like Melissa on page 16 when it comes to pubes, but that just gives you more to chew on. Yup, I'm in love with Donna's arse and I want to have its babies. Just as long as I can do the breast-feeding on Donna myself. Besides, she's a nice girl to finish the mag off, too. Let's face it, her name is just about the only Christmas connection in this month's mag, aside from the obvious stuff like stockings and the fact that we'd like to stuff most of the girls! Never mind – there's always next year...





Tail Ends Donna



Rave On!

MARY LIVES,
THE COCK HIM
TALKER
HEARD
DEAR RAVERS
HERE'S SOMEONE THAT HAS
THE RECIPE FOR A
"AND I LOVE THE
"I ARRIVED IN THE ROOM
WHO'D WHO LONG IN THE CAR
TO DECIDEDLY SHAVED MY
THE SHIRTS WERE CRISP AND
WASH I WAS SURPRISED AND
WAS NOT ALONE IN THE GARDEN.



came heavily once again.

"You still have an hour of my services to go," she whispered as I lay on the bed recovering from my exertions.

The lovely Kali then suggested that we shower together.

We fondled each others soapy organs under the warm, stimulating jets. Already my cock was semi-erect again, despite its recent efforts. We towelled each other dry, then Kali told me to lay down on the bed, face down. I

looked around and she was holding a thin bamboo cane. "What are you doing?!" I exclaimed. "Ssh... don't worry," she soothed, "It'll stimulate you, arouse you."

She delivered a stinging blow across my buttocks. I yelped in pain. "It's okay," she whimpered, "your penis... see how it throbs and twitches... it is clearly ready for further masturbation."

Kali straddled me and began to play with my throbbing prick. She used various techniques - slow, fast, jerky, smooth - they were all wonderful experiences. With about ten minutes to go to the end of the two wonderful hours, this absolutely stunning girl lit another cigarette and smoked it slowly and deliberately as she gazed into my eyes. To have this beauty astride me, squeezing and

stroking my cock was just great! "I am going to make you ejaculate now," she breathed, "your time is nearly up."

Kali gripped my cock and wanked me rapidly. She took a long drag on her almost smoked cigarette and let it drop from her lips while she finished me off by cupping and squeezing my balls with her left hand and wanking me furiously with her right. When she leaned forward and allowed her nipples to brush against my knob it was too much and I spurted heavily all over her plump breasts...

I study the Sporting Life religiously every day. You never know, I might have another big win. No prizes for guessing how I'll spend the dough!

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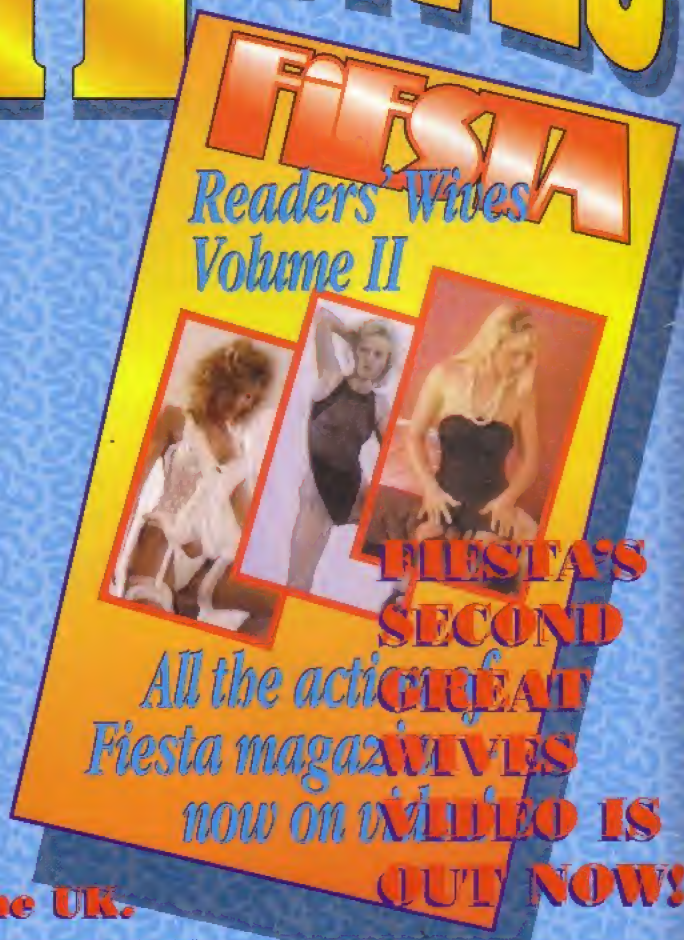
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